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PHOTO CONTEST
THE
GIRL NEXT DOOR
ANY
AMATEUR MODEL
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Pandora

The girl with the net profit

Pandora is a fisherman's daughter who came to Hollywood from a dusty, dry Montana town where it rained only about once every five years and the good fishing places were few and far between.

Her first move when she arrived on the West Coast was to look for a job. She thought of putting an ad in the paper, but when she went to list her qualifications, words just didn't seem adequate to describe them.

She received an offer from an elderly gentleman who said he was a movie producer. He would give her bed and board, he told her, in return for her services around the house. He seemed like such a nice man, but Pandora refused his kind offer because she really didn't know how to cook or sew very well and she didn't want to take advantage of the gentleman.

Because of her background, she finally got a job selling fishnets on television. As you can see from these pictures, Pandora comes on, changes into her fishnet-selling costume, and gives out with the hard sell.

According to Barnum, there's a sucker born every minute, and Pandora is proud to be doing her part to combat the fish population explosion.

Wench

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NEW!

PHOTO CONTEST

THE

GIRL NEXT DOOR

ANY

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Readers – models and amateur photographers – are invited to submit photographs for our AMATEUR MODEL CONTEST. You may win up to $50.00 if your picture is selected by our readers as the most outstanding. The model chosen will be featured in a full magazine layout in a subsequent issue of WENCH, with the submitting photographer assigned to shoot the pictures at professional rates.

All entrees should be submitted to: Photo Contest, Frimac Enterprises, 10523 Burbank Blvd, North Hollywood, California. While every effort will be made to insure careful handling, we cannot be responsible for loss or damage. Pictures should be no smaller than 4" x 5" black and white glossy prints and be accompanied by Wench model release; be sure, also, to include sufficient postage for their return.

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DATE_____ MODEL_____

ADDRESS_____

WITNESS_____ PARENT OR GUARDIAN_____

(Required only if model is a minor)

THE WIFE TRADERS

by Frank Rich

"Let's trade wives," Hank suggested on Monday morning to his neighbor, Bill, as they were driving to work.

He tried to make it sound casual, but his voice came out hoarse and nervous

Bill stared at him for a moment and then laughed. "I was wondering which one of us would say it first," he said, obviously relieved

"I don't mean permanently, of course," Hank went on. "I love my wife, Helen, as I'm sure you love Betty, but—"

Bill nodded. "I know what you mean, Hank. There *is* the need for variety I could tell it's been on your mind for some time now, and I'm sure you could tell it's been on mine."

Hank chuckled. "Funny, the way we've been talking around it for weeks now without ever coming right out and saying anything. I didn't want to louse up our friendship, though."

"This shouldn't make any difference in our friendship," Bill said. "We both have a great deal of respect for each other, and for each other's wives. It's not as though there's anything wrong with it—"

"Of course not. In some parts of the world it's common practice. Even in this country it's done—

more often than most people think." He wet his lips. "When do you think we could arrange it?"

"The sooner the better," Bill decided. "Tonight is fine with me."

"Good." Hank said eagerly.

"We can use my house," Bill said in a matter-of-fact tone. "We have two bedrooms."

"If there were some way we could do it without telling the girls," Hank said. "I don't know if they'd go for it. My Helen likes her sex, but she's pretty proper about it."

"My Betty is, too," Bill agreed. "No, we'll have to trick them into it, for their own good. Women just don't understand these things." He thought for a moment. "We'll have to think up some excuse for you and Helen to come over tonight and spend the entire night. The girls will go to bed first and then —"

"And then we follow," Hank said excitedly, "but we accidentally go into the wrong bedrooms!" He was busy thinking of Bill's wife — blonde, bosomy Betty.

"Yes," Bill agreed, almost reverently, thinking of Hank's wife — brown-haired, bosomy Helen.

They had been friends and neighbors for over five years. During the warm summer months Hank had often looked from his bedroom window into the yard next door, where Betty was sunning herself in her terrycloth bikini, and he'd found himself with feelings that were more than neighborly. But he'd recognized the feelings as being not only very pleasant but very natural, so his conscience was not troubled. Besides, there was no harm in looking at a friend's wife. Except the more he looked, the more he liked what he saw, and he began to want it as he had never wanted anything before. He wondered why Bill would be willing to trade this lovely blonde goddess for Helen, even for a night.

Bill was busy thinking about Helen. He thought of her working in the garden where he often watched her from the vantage point of his living room. She was a healthy, full-bodied woman, proud of her golden legs and thighs, oblivious of sensual thrusts of her bust and her behind as she bent and knelt and stretched to do her gardening chores. At first, he had contented himself with just watching her, but then the desire began gnawing at him so he could hardly sit still at the thought of her. He wondered why Hank would give up this wonderful creature for Betty, even for a night.

That evening, as they threaded their way through traffic on the way home, Hank said, "I think I know how we can work it. I remembered one time our furnace broke down and we damn near froze to death. I can turn off the gas without Helen knowing about it, and then . . ."

"And then," Bill continued, "when I suggest you both stay overnight, there'll be no reason for them to be suspicious."

When they arrived, the two girls were standing talking in the driveway that separated their two houses.

"How about you and Hank coming over tonight to play cards?" Bill said to Helen.

"Fine," Hank said.

"Love to," Helen said, smiling.

Hank felt annoyed with the way Bill was looking at Helen, hungrily, almost leering at her. **Damn it,** he thought, **couldn't he wait!**

"Me, too," Betty said. "How about eight?"

"Eight will be fine," Hank said.

Bill felt irritated at the way Hank was looking at Betty, staring at her as though mentally ripping the clothes from her body. **Okay, so they had an agreement, but damn it, it was almost obscene!**

They went into their respective houses.

"Something wrong?" Helen asked her husband, when they were inside.

"No," Hank said. "Why?"

"You seem moody. If you want to call off the card game . . ."

"No," he said hastily. "I mean . . . I'm just a little tired, but I'll be all right when I get my second wind."

She kissed him and then went to get dinner ready. He watched her move about the kitchen. She didn't seem any different, really, but there did seem to be something different about her. Her full, sexy behind twitched provocatively as she went about her culinary business. On impulse he went up behind her and put his arms around her. It surprised both of them.

At that moment in the house next door Bill was taking inventory of his wife's charms.

"Someting bothering you," Betty said, concerned.

He shook his head and forced a wan smile. "Just a little pooped, is all. I'll be all right."

His gaze continued the survey of her magnificent breasts under the tight blouse, the delightful curve of her hips under the tight skirt. She was a wonderfully sexy woman. It was easy to see why Hank could want her.

That evening at eight o'clock, Hank and Helen arrived.

"It's going to be a cold night," Hank said.

"It's nice and warm in here," Helen said. "Something's wrong with our furnace again. The house is like a refrigerator!"

They played cards and drank coffee and ate some cake that Betty had bought. They played partners, the girls against the men and the girls won.

"You fellows haven't had your minds on the game tonight," Betty said.

"I was thinking about our furnace being broken," Hank said. "I'm not looking forward to spending the night in an igloo."

"I don't blame you," Bill said. "Why don't you two stay over here tonight?"

"Well," Hank said, "I don't like to put you to any trouble."

"It's a wonderful idea," Betty enthused. "We've got two bedrooms, so it's no trouble at all."

"I'd like that," Helen said, "if it's all right with Hank."

"With me? Sure, sure," Hank said quickly. He wet his lips and looked at his watch. "In fact, it's getting pretty late. I guess we'd better — that is, we'd better get ready for bed."

Bill rose. "Let the girls warm up the beds for us, Hank. Come out in the kitchen with me. I've got some cognac I want you to try."

As they went into the kitchen and the two girls disappeared into the bedroom area, Hank was thinking frantically. **Why did I hesitate? Why? It's what I want, isn't it? Of course, it is. I want to go to bed with Betty, to feel those marvelous breasts against me, to revel in the warmth of those magnificent female thighs.** It was worth giving up Helen for a night, so someone else could have her. Sure, it was.

But it wasn't.

Bill closed the kitchen door securely behind them and wondered, **How can I tell him? I want Helen more than I've wanted any other woman since Betty, but is it worth having her go to bed with someone else?**

No, it wasn't.

The two men stared at each other, embarrassed. Then they both laughed, realizing simultaneously why they were embarrassed.

"You've changed your mind," Hank said. His tone was one of relief.

"And you have, too," Bill said, happily.

"Let's have that cognac and celebrate," Hank said.

Bill poured them two snifters of the liquid and Hank raised his glass. "To a wonderful woman, your wife Betty."

"And another wonderful woman," Bill said, "your wife Helen."

They drank to the toast, and then they chuckled.

"After all the preparations —" Hank said.

"You may as well stay here tonight," Bill said, "since the girls are already in bed."

"You know," Hank said seriously, "I think it'll work out better this way. I've been looking at Helen through your eyes today."

"She's a beautiful, desirable girl," Bill said.

"And so is Betty."

"Yes," Bill said. "I think we're going to appreciate our wives more after tonight."

Hank went into the guest bedroom and undressed in the darkness. He glanced at the form waiting for him in the bed, and he thought about Betty lying in the bed next door and wondered if he hadn't made a mistake in changing his mind about switching wives. It would have been so easy.

But it was too late now. He slipped under the covers. "Are you awake?" he asked.

He was answered by a sleepy murmur, and a moment later a naked female body melted against him. It was a warm, firm, insistently female body, whose hips molded an invitation to him. He pressed his lips against hers, and his searching hands pulled her close to him in acceptance, and he knew that he hadn't made a mistake in changing his mind, after all.

In the next bedroom, Bill went to bed wondering, uncertain. He had wanted Hank's wife for such a long time, and on a whim he'd thrown the opportunity aside, merely because he hadn't wanted another man to have his wife. It was all set up, and it could have been so easy. But for an attack of possessiveness, this girl in bed with him could have been Helen.

Then he put the thoughts from his mind as the girl turned on the bed and in the darkness flowed against him, warm and responsive. Automatically, he reached out to receive her and hold her close to him. Her ripe woman's body spoke silently of love, and as he answered her Bill was secure in the knowledge that he'd done the right thing, after all . . .

The next morning, Hank awakened to the smell of coffee and to Helen bending over him, saying, "Wake up, breakfast's almost ready."

She returned to the kitchen, to Betty and the sound of bacon and eggs frying. Hank pulled on his trousers and went out into the hallway, where he met Bill.

"You know something, Hank," Bill said. "I'm glad it turned out this way. I began appreciating Betty last night. It was wonderful."

Hank smiled sheepishly. "I know what you mean. I've never seen Helen so responsive as she was last night."

"I guess the grass just seems greener in other pastures," Bill said. "We were starting to take our wives for granted. Yesterday reminded both of us that they're also women."

Hank grinned. "And you know something, my friend," he said happily, "that's the best way."

Bebe
The French stripper who wants to be a librarian

Think she'd help readers' circulation?

Believe it or not, Bebe wants to give up stripping and work in a library. Most girls shy away from libraries because they want to meet guys. Bebe's got the opposite problem. She has to get away from men. At the strip joint where she takes it off every night, her dressing room is mobbed with guys who want to take her out. Some of them even offer her enormous propositions. Like setting her up in her own penthouse apartment so long as they have a key too. Charge ac-

counts naturally But Bebe won't buy all that jazz She knows what they want And she knows what she wants To lay out in the sun and read a few good books Without a lot of jokers peeking over her shoulder About the only time she feels really alone is when she takes a bath at home or lies on her bed A real child of nature, Bebe sleeps in the raw and can't even stand a cover She goes crazy on a quilt and won't lie on one

She's seriously thinking of quitting the act she does and enrolling in a good library school somewhere After all why not She can read and maybe she'd help circulation by being around a library Man, she'd sure help our circulation whether we borrowed any books or not. If she gets her wish we'll let you know what library she works in Just in case you want to curl up in bed with a book or lie in a hammock with a good novel.

Meanwhile if you hurry on down to her nightclub you'll see one of the best strip acts in the country Bar none

Angela

Dreams of meeting a really nice guy

Angela is twenty-one and lovely Since she passed her twenty-second birthday not long ago, the pressures have doubled The dates some thick and fast Her folks are all the time asking when she's going to get married and have babies Angela is tired of telling them she's in no hurry. Why should she get married? The world's full of guys and she's the best looking girl on the block She's in no hurry. If anything she's thinking the other way Of a career as an actress maybe, or a fashion designer Or maybe an airline hostess Angela is a romantic lass and she dreams constantly of meeting her big moment everywhere she goes. Most of her dream meetings take place on board a luxury airliner flying to Rio or Paris or Tokyo. Angela bends over to hand somebody a tray and then her eyes lock with a man's. And that is Mr. Big. Not just another guy who wants to neck at the beach or maul her in the back of a car A real he-man who'll sweep her off her feet and impress her with his real manliness and strength.

Not like the Joes who take her out now and spend half their time trying to get her clothes off or take

her to a motel. It just isn't in the cards for Angela to go to a motel. She's waiting for the right guy to show up and when she meets him she doesn't want to be a soiled dove. So till the day comes, Angela lies around the house dreaming about him or swims in the pool and thinks about what he'll look like. Who knows? He might even be you, you lucky son-of-a-gun.

The Fine Art of Wenching

by
Jay Taylor

Webster defines seduction simply enough It is the act of tempting to wrong doing, of leading away from virtue. Aside from the task of making money, no act has excited the male fancy more passionately since the beginning of history Human literature is teeming with recipes for unsuccessful lovers. The ancients listed hundreds of potions ranging from Spanish Fly to the mixture of pepper and pigeon blood Much nearer to our day, Stendhal wrote a magnificent book On Love in which he listed every possible gambit the despairing male could possibly dream of.

But the daddy of all books on seduction, The Do It Yourself Book that set the style for thousands of years is nearly forgotten. A hundred times a day stouthearted males who have given up hope of ever getting Gertie's Garter pass it in the library without realizing the dynamite in OVID's Art of Love They have no idea of how many pointers the man gives them The poet almost draws them a diagram, in fact, and was so successful that they banned him from Rome Soon after the book was circulated, it caused such a wave of seductions and adulteries in Rome, that the emperor banned the writer to a whistle stop named Tomi on the Black Sea. It was the end of the known world It was as if Ike had sent Hemingway to Grand Island, Nebraska for writing those hot scenes in For Whom The Bell Tolls

The modern man may ask at this point. So what? Who cares what a Roman poet had to say 2000 years ago?

He can't possibly have anything practical to say that would help The Great Hunt today. Oh can't he? Pull up a chair John and just listen. About the only practical advice he doesn't give is how to put a Marriage Proposal. He didn't think anyone was interested.

Here are a few of the tips Ovid gives to the twentieth century Don Juan. See for yourself.

On Making the Approach

The first thing, says Ovid, is to find the girl. Where? Try the race tracks, he tells us. The stands are loaded with girls who are so excited over the nags, they won't even notice you're crowding them against the seat Sit close, Ovid says They won't mind. In fact you'll have to sit close Whether she likes it or not, human contact is part of the game Once you're crowding her, Ovid goes on, find something you can ask her For instance. "Whose Colors are on that jockey?" Bet on her horse Ovid advises and cheer your lungs out. Every so often turn around and get the guy behind her to dig his knees out of her back Occasionally brush the dust off her skirt. Doesn't matter if there's no dust. Any excuse to touch her dress. Girls adore it, Ovid says Fan her with a program. A good race will make any woman passionate Ovid says. Take advantage of it

The Nightime Approach

This is a little different. First of all when you see her act completely assured, tell yourself women can always be caught That's rule one. But don't expect them to show their desire first. After all says Ovid, mousetraps don't run after the mice. The thing to do is to ask for it right on the line Ovid stresses this. Don't be an oaf or a farmer. Don't back and fill. Tell her what you're looking for In an aside Ovid adds you might just pretend to be a little tight, in case she's difficult

If they act cold, repeat your request You'll be astonished at the number who'll say yes And of the ones who say no, most mean YES, insists Ovid They're tickled to death with your invitation, he says They'll act coy, but they'll signal with their eyes in some way

The Follow-up

Rule one Get to know her maid Or her best friend But don't try to seduce the maid, Ovid warns It's dangerous On the other hand, he sighs you probably will, so just be careful Let the friend or maid know how smitten you are with the other girl Try tears, says Ovid if pleading isn't enough. And if you can't cry wet your hand and rub your eyelids The next step is to call or write If she's coy, don't press her too much Take it slow

She'll come around. In time she'll ask you to drop over.

Don't overdo the dress angle, he warns. Men should not be too interested in looks or clothes. Don't bother to scrape the hair off your legs or curl your hair. Otherwise she'll take you for a fairy, Ovid warns. But you might cut your nails. They can hurt her when you're playing. And clip the hair in your nose.

Whenever you see her use a gentle, easygoing line. If you're a good talker, then talk your head off. Don't allow too many silences. If you're a good-looking guy, go out and get sun burned. Whatever you do, gaze at her all the time as if you were going out of your head. Keep whispering ambiguous things that sound as if you were delirious. It doesn't matter. She'll think it's romantic.

Complications

Suppose she asks you to follow her to the country. Drop everything and run to her. She's testing your interest. Suppose she wants you to look for her in a crowd? Get there early. Suppose her husband turns up? Don't panic. Make him your friend. Tell him what a lovely wife he has and toast to the "man she sleeps with," and silently damn him to hell. Get him drunk if you can.

The Pay-off

Okay, you've seen her, you've got rid of hubby and she's almost willing. Now what? Go slow says Ovid. Try pleading. Tell her you have to have her. No dice? Try tears. Still no? Try force. Be firm but gentle. It's a fight they all want to lose. Talk fast and keep punctuating your talk with kisses. Don't give her time to think. And don't be sorry for her. You're only receiving a deceiver, says Ovid, so give your conscience a rest. They'd do worse to you if you gave them a chance. Tell her you want to be **only a friend** — a friend who is proficient in bed, adds Ovid with a leer.

In time, Ovid promises, she'll come to bed. When she does, praise her body and her looks, above all praise her performance. Tell her it's out of this world.

CONTINUED ON PG. 68

Betty Lou

Charms the spots off a leopard

Betty Lou is a big game hunter and a very successful one. She is well liked by other professionals in the field, by the natives and even by the animals she hunts in far corners of the world. Wherever she goes on her safaris she is soon surrounded by admirers, and with good reason.

Success didn't come overnight. It took a lot of hard work and much study. When she decided to make it her career, the first thing she did was enroll in a correspondence course in big game hunting, which included a 33 1/3 rpm record full of the sounds of buffalo stampeding, giraffe's necking, and cannibal tribes sending secret messages by bongo drums. She even bought herself a toy elephant gun that shot ping pong balls, but the landlady obstinately refused to allow her to bring a live elephant into the apartment to practice with since the lease specifically stated no pets.

CONTINUED ON PG. 34

Maybelline
Those wires make her skin itch

Maybelline works as a model for one of those weird modern sculptors He does things with metal, shaping it in a thousand ways. Some of his things hang from restaurant ceilings or hotel lobbies. Maybe you've seen them. They're not too beautiful to Maybelline

though. The sculptor can't work unless she models for him in that big drafty studio. He claims her beautiful body contours give him ideas. That's all well and good, but some days the artist gets so engrossed in his work he doesn't realize his model's got chillblains. The wind comes through a big skylight in the ceiling and howls through the big barn of a room.

As if that's not bad enough, he makes her work through her lunch hour. He likes to munch peanuts while he works, but he never offers her any. All she does is sit there or stand around in her birthday suit in that cold drafty studio while the son of a gun munches peanuts.

Oh, he's nice enough to her at times. Takes her to dinner and buys her little gifts when he's finished a major piece. But it's times in between that bother Maybelline. Unless the sculptor installs a bigger heater in that studio she's going to quit. A girl may want to contribute to art but it's not worth much if she's turning blue while she's doing it. If things get bad enough she'll look for a job as a lingerie model. At least it'll be warmer wearing panties and bra in a photographer's studio. Don't you agree?

Sex In The Night

by Nick Carrol

A moment before, she had been in ecstacy, her naked female body writhing against him, her large breasts swaying, her hips churning with movement. Now, she lay still.

He rolled over on his back and relaxed, breathing hard, feeling the sweat pour over him. He felt clean now, purged of his hunger, and he closed his eyes and drank in the cool night air of the room. Then he opened his eyes and sat up to look for a long moment at the lights of the city. It was early yet, around midnight. It was almost a shame it had to end so soon.

But he was at ease now. The relentless fires of his mind and body had receded. He would get himself another room someplace else out there in the city. There would be other nights.

He rose and dressed in the darkness. Only when he was fully clothed and ready to leave did he look at her.

She was lying very still on the bed. In the light coming from the window he could see the bruises on her throat made by his fingers. Above them, her face was no longer pretty — but at least it was honest, he thought grimly, and the compromise satisfied him.

He went to the door, turned the key in the lock, opened it and peered cautiously into the quiet corridor. Then, without looking back, he stepped quickly into the hall and closed the door behind him. Then down the stairs, past the nodding night clerk and into the street.

The city welcomed him with its flurry of blazing neon and a cool night breeze. He tugged his coat collar up around his neck and began walking slowly. There was no hurry, for there was no real destination and nothing to run away from. They wouldn't discover her body until late next morning when someone went in to change sheets.

He had no regrets. He felt good for having done what he'd done. Tomorrow the papers would scream at him with vindictive headlines, but he would know secretly that he'd done the right thing, that he'd made the world a better, safer, cleaner place by killing her. That would be enough.

He passed people without noticing them until he saw a girl in a tight dress standing beneath a lamp post, an unlit cigarette dangling from her lips. He felt annoyance hackling within him. How obvious could you get? he wondered bitterly. He forced his mind to other thoughts and walked faster.

"Got a match, honey?"

He didn't look at her. "No," he said, clenching his fists in his coat pockets, and hurried past.

He felt angry with her. His hunger had been appeased, his thirst quenched, the fire drowned. He was at peace with the world again, why couldn't they leave him alone?

And yet would he ever be at peace while there were such women roaming the streets? One more? a part of his mind asked. One more? There would be time.

He hesitated, considering, and he turned to look back. But she had found someone else, and the two of them were walking away together. He felt cheated.

He saw he was in front of a bar, and on impulse he turned in. It was dark and filled with tobacco smoke and crowd noises. In one corner a spotlighted piano was playing a slow blues. He threaded his way to the bar and ordered whiskey.

"Lonely, honey?"

He smelled her perfume, felt her arm come to rest along his back, and he fought down the electric sensations currenting through him He closed his eyes tightly.

"No," he said, hating her. "No. Go away."

"But —"

"Beat it!" he said, looking up at her.

The overpainted face seemed bewildered, then angry "Okay, okay, you don't hafta —"

He shut out the voice from his mind and thought: Lord, Lord, there are so many, so many of them. When he looked up again, she was gone.

But there would be others, he knew, and others after that He felt the flame stirring again, way down deep inside him They were all the same, all of them as his wife had been, all with painted faces and vile bodies They deserved to die. The familiar emotions welled within him like a rising tide, and he drank down the whiskey in one swallow and hurried from the bar.

The night was cool, but he felt he was burning up. The symptoms were clear, and there was no stopping them. One more. He had to have another.

He walked into the night, looking for her.

He found her waiting at a bus stop, a slim, good-looking girl in a plain dress.

"Hello," he said.

She looked at him, curious but not startled, not frightened.

He glanced up the street and then at his wristwatch. "Buses run very often?"

"Not this time of night," she said.

"How about a drink, then? I mean, it's sort of cold out, and I thought —"

"I'd like that," she said evenly. "A drink, I mean."

"A crowded bar," he said, taking the chance, "or a cozy hotel room?"

"I hate crowds," she said, moving close to him and slipping her hand in his. "I have a room a couple blocks from here. We can have something to drink there if you like."

"I like," he said, gripping her hand so she wouldn't notice how his own had begun to tremble with anticipation. "You weren't taking a bus home then."

"I wasn't taking a bus, period," she said, smiling. "I was waiting for you. Do you mind?"

"Not at all."

Inwardly he was laughing, partly in triumph and partly at what a fool he'd been to think she might not go with him. He glanced at her while they walked along. She looked like somebody's kid sister, and the thought irritated him. Those were the worst kind, the kind that looked clean and wholesome, the kind you thought you could trust. He wondered if she were somebody's wife —

"Home," she announced suddenly.

They walked into the lobby of the hotel, past the desk clerk who was reading a comic and didn't bother to notice them. They walked two flights of stairs and a long corridor to the end room. She fitted a key to the lock, opened the door, and went in, switching on the light.

"Make yourself comfortable," she indicated the bed which was the main piece of furniture, "while I fix us a couple drinks."

He closed the door, heard the satisfying click that locked them away from the outside world. His body felt warm, uneasy. He took off his coat, put it over the back of a chair, loosened his tie, sat on the bed.

"Been here long?" he asked.

She was in the bathroom, out of sight. "Couple nights," she called out to him. "I move around a lot."

He nodded to himself. The burning was growing steadily now. He rubbed his hands together to get the sweat off them. His fingers itched.

After a few minutes she came into the room. She had changed into a bathrobe, and when she walked bare legs flashed. She had two water glasses half-filled with whiskey.

"Not like a plush bar, I'm afraid," she apologized. "We don't even have a mixer or ice, but it's good stuff."

She handed him one of the glasses and sat down on the bed beside him.

He took the whiskey and gulped it. It coursed in a hot stream down his throat into his stomach. It was like fuel to the fire already there.

"Turn off the lights," he said hoarsely.

"But —"

"Turn them off!"

She got up and crossed the room to the wall switch. The room went dark. He raised the shade and stood looking out at the city, wondering in how many rooms out there were women like this with men who wouldn't bring the meetings to climaxes they deserved.

He felt her hand steal over his shoulder, and the burning erupted within him. He whirled, put his arms around her savagely, and swept her onto the bed. She cried out and struggled against him.

"You're — you're hurting me!"

He laughed, pleased. That was the way it should be. Hurt them first, hurt them the way they should be hurt, punish them for what they did and what they were, and then add the final touch that would dissolve all hurt and make the world a cleaner place.

With a snarl he ripped away her robe, and it was no surprise that she was naked underneath. She squirmed against him, gasping. Seconds later, she had stopped struggling and was holding him tightly as though fearful now he might escape her. Slowly, his hands stole up along her body toward her throat.

Now! he thought as the flame engulfed him. Now!

His hands were about her throat. He squeezed.

Then he jerked spasmodically as his brain exploded and slivers of pain laced his body. He straightened in sudden agony as his stomach tied itself in knots. He felt strength drain from him in swift streams.

The drink had been drugged!

The knowledge brought a helpless fury. He tried to hit her and was too weak. She pushed him effortlessly from her and onto his back, where he was clawing vainly at the air. All desire had gone, except the desire to get up off the bed and kill her. He forced himself to be calm, to open his eyes from the pain in his stomach, to look at her and see what she was doing.

She stood beside the bed, paying no attention to him. She had taken the wallet from his coat and was counting the money from it.

He opened his mouth to curse her, but no sound came.

She folded the bills into her hand, tossed the empty wallet on the bed, and without looking at him crossed the room to the bathroom. He followed her with his eyes, and when she was out of sight he tried to struggle erect. He had to kill her, as he had killed his wife and the others like her. The pain was ebbing, but in its place came numbness, and he found he couldn't move.

She came back into the bedroom fully dressed, glanced briefly in his direction, then went to the door and unlocked it. The hallway threw a brief column of light across him, then the door closed, the lock clicked, and he listened to her heels drift into silence down the corridor.

No matter, he thought. Tomorrow I'll track her down. Wherever she is, I'll find her, and I'll —

The thought broke off, replaced by one that came too swift and too sure to be wrong. He cried out soundlessly in despair and anger. No! he thought frantically, no! There will be a tomorrow. There will! He was wrong.

Hilda

The Frat-house Mascot!

Hilda is an exchange student from Munich, Germany, and from the looks of things it was a good piece of bartering When she first came to the university, she didn't know a shred of English She discovered, however, that this didn't hamper her in her relations with the other students, especially the

males, who spoke a sign language that could be understood in any country

She was a very popular student, and received many offers from college boys eager to teach her English and other skills. One of the fraternities even voted her their mascot and gave her a room in the frat house, rent-free. All Hilda has to do in return is tend bar, look decorative, and join in when the boys gather around her and sing college drinking songs. She's received many compliments for her well-developed voice.

Hilda likes America very much, and is impressed with how friendly the students are. She thinks the boys study too hard, though, because they're up at all hours of the night, and sometimes in their nightly wanderings they accidentally go into her room and sometimes spend the entire night there without realizing their mistake. Hilda tries to help the boys with homework whenever she can. She was amazed to discover that Wrestling was such a popular subject

Marianne

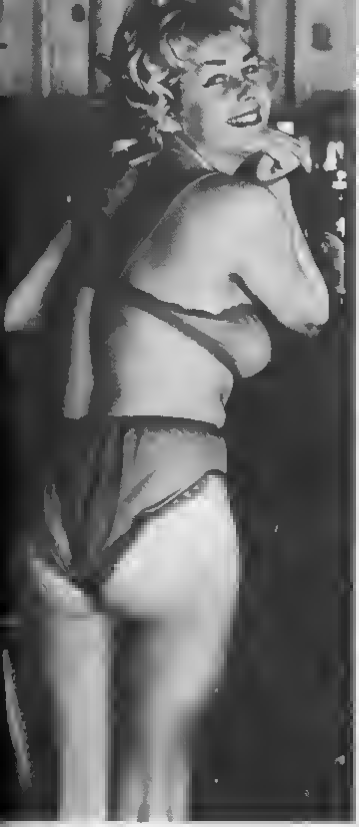
She digs nutty headgear

Marianne, whose lovely torso graces these pages, is the only daughter of a big beermaker from a big midwestern city. We can't tell you which because her present job might scandalize her family. You see Marianne is a hostess at big industrial conventions. She shows everybody to his seat, hands him information booklet and special bulletins. She's not suppose to go out with the delegates, but every now and then she indulges in a little fun. The other night she went to a big costume ball given at a famous hotel. Without question she was the belle of the ball. The other girls looked sick by comparison, we can tell you that. The reason is not hard to find.

For one thing Marianne is beautifully stacked and she came dressed in the most daring costume you ever laid eyes on. Those tired businessmen looked alive the minute she came on the floor and the stag line lurched toward her as one man. The hat was given her by one of her dance partners. She admired it so much he couldn't help it. Now Marianne just can't get rid of the darn thing. She wears it around the house all the time and seldom takes it off even when she's in the tub.

The other momento of the dance was the pair of gorgeous long net stockings she wore. They drew wolf whistles all down the line and now when Marianne's alone, she can't resist trying them on again. You must admit they do a lot for Marianne. But don't get the idea that she's a fancy miss. Not at all. She learned to drink beer at papa's brewery at an early age and still loves it. Half the time she won't drink anything else. Give her a stein of beer and a hamburger and this girl's in heaven.

YIPPEEE!



Betty Lou

Charms the spots off a leopard

For awhile she took private lessons from the internationally famous game hunter, Frank Luck. Under his direction, she made passes at wild animals, while Frank made passes at Betty Lou. After six months she decided that she'd had enough practice with a wolf and that her teacher was more of a *dame* hunter than game hunter. So she took her toy elephant gun out into the wilderness and shot a ping-pong ball at a hyena, who thought it was so funny he laughed himself to death. Now, after a hard day at the jungle, Betty Lou likes to come home and relax on her favorite piece of furniture — a leopard skin rug.

WENCHING *Spanish Style*

by Henry Higgins

For some reason I have never understood, many males delude themselves about Spain and Spanish women. They point to the Don Juan legend which has one man boasting that he loved more than 1,000 Senoritas, the love of bullfighting and other virile pursuits Obviously, they tell themselves, Spain is made to order for the rogue. This is a country where men are men and women quail in their presence The rogue dreams of his entrance into the Spanish capital:

The moment he alights from his plane or train, he expects to be deluged with dark-eyed beauties in mantillas and white lace, starving for the sight of a dashing American. As he strolls down the Gran Via or the halls of the Prado, he can imagine himself overwhelmed by raven-haired dolls with flashing black eyes He

dreams of serenades in moonlit gardens, balcony climbs at midnight, secret trysts in wooded groves — in short the gamut of romance Like Stendhal entering Milan, he imagines that he will meet a beauty in distress at every corner

It pains me to announce that all this is not true The chance of your meeting any senorita of a decent family on any corner in Madrid is slight. Nothing female under sixty ever moves in public unless it is flanked by grim looking chaperones. There are some extremely pretty, independent, respectable girls, but they have the kind of Spanish pride and haughtiness that freezes the average Anglo-Saxon male at twenty paces.

Spanish belles do not move about freely as the girls of other European countries do At every point of social exposure, the senorita is protected from lecherous males by a complex system of social rules.

Even seeing a girl alone long enough to convince her to go out with you is a problem in tactics This does not mean that it cannot be done But it is not easy

Spain, therefore, is the greatest challenge that Europe can offer the traveling male. If he's willing to take up the challenge, the girl is worth it There is a quality of beauty, of intelligence, of emotional richness about a Spanish brunette or blonde that is incomparable But let the rogue keep the challenge in mind. In Madrid the chase is a tough one. If Copenhagen is the easiest town for him, Madrid is undoubtedly the hardest.

Meanwhile he can console himself with the fact that he is in one of the most charming cities in Europe with plenty of good food, wine and bullfights And if the chase becomes too hard, he can always interrupt it with some fascinating prowls after dark.

WHEN TO COME

Preferably in summer or early fall. Through October this plateau city is pleasant. Afterwards it becomes too cold and like most South

Europeans they stubbornly refuse to face the need for good heating systems. So unless you want to sleep in a turtleneck sweater, don't visit Madrid in January It's as cold as New York. If you insist on coming then, stick to the topflight hotels They heat well

MAKEOUTSVILLE

Try to live around the Puerto del Sol, the throbbing heart of the city You'll be able to walk to many fascinating cafes and with luck meet one of those hard to find senoritas. The big trouble here is that the hotels in this area are not too plush You can get simple and clean accommodations at places like the Hotel Europa, and the Hotel Paris, with prices below $5 for a single No chichi but good places to serve as your pied-a-terre while in this fascinating town. This part of town is where you'll have to operate in if you're after the native talent

If you're not quite up to the job of pursuing the Madrilena, then move up to the bigger hotels The

Ritz, Palace, Castellana Hilton, the Wellington or the Fenix. The Ritz is tops for continental swank—you feel as if you're living among royalty. The Hilton is where you'll find the bulk of well-heeled American females who want to feel safe in a foreign country. The Palace with 800 rooms is the biggest hotel on the continent and its bar is a popular stomping ground for the international set. The Suecia has a nice Scandinavian neatness rooms in Swedish modern and good French cuisine. Finally there is the Richmond, where you can get a place with a kitchenette, a useful addition to any rogue who wants to dig in for a long stay. The Plaza, Europe's biggest inn, sports a penthouse, roof garden and swimming pool on the 25th floor.

For better Spanish atmosphere you'll do better around the Puerto del Sol as I have said earlier, or in one of the many pensions, like the Amaya which is centrally located and costs you $4 a day for food and board. The bigger hotels will cost you anywere from six to fifteen for a single, depending on the swank, the name and the number of flunkies that serve you. Actually if you're not careful in picking your hotel in Madrid, you'll wind up thinking you're in New York or Mexico City where the bigger hotels are equally big, flashy and colorless. There is another reason for picking your hotel with care. In Spain as in Italy, custom frowns on inviting lady friends to your diggings for midnight tea or nightcaps. So, unless you intend to play footsie with a gorgeous fellow tenant under the same roof, you'll do best to live where you feel the most comfortable.

GALLERY OF RESTAURANTS AND CAFES

In the food department it's hard to beat Madrid. The town is full of fine eating places and we'll list only a few: The Jockey Club, Horcher's, the Commodore, Bellman's, the Casa Botin and El Pulpito. The first named are on the level of top-flight Paris eating places. The Casa Botin, made famous by Hemingway in The Sun Also Rises, is more along the lines of old-style Spanish as is El Pulpito. Both the last incidentally are on the Plaza Mayor, Madrid's beautiful old square. Budget-minded rogues should visit the Hogar Gallego, a big indoor and outdoor seafood restaurant where you can get excellent seafood plates at less than a dollar. Other more reasonably priced restaurants are the Pagassari, the Capri and the Coimbra. The Universal right on the Puerta del Sol, Madrid's liveliest square, gives you an enormous breakfast at an unbelievably low price. The only self-service restaurant in town, a good place to drop into for a snack before going on to greater adventures, is the Tobogan also on the Puerto del Sol.

The foreign girls will be at the Bellman, Horcher's, the Jockey and the Casa de Botin, if you're interested in combining the chase with dinner. The places around the Puerto del Sol will be far more Spanish however.

A word of advice about eating in Madrid. The Spaniards think it uncouth to fill your stomach before ten o'clock in the more fashionable spots and not much earlier anywhere else. Most restaurants don't even open till eight in the evening and if you blunder into one before nine as we did the acres of empty white table cloths will give you snowblindness. The same

late eating habit operates at lunch time. Breakfast is usually eaten in your room because everything is usually slow till noon. Therefore keep the Universal in mind if you don't like eating off a tray. Lunch is served from two till past four and you can eat dinner till one a.m. in many places.

If you get hungry before those hours, go to a cafe, order sherry and munch the prawns and olives. If you're still hungry, ask for more tidbits which are called entremeses in Spanish.

Spanish food is generally cooked in olive oil, but if this is too much for your stomach, ask the waiter to get you stuff made with butter. The piece de resistance in cuisine Espagnol is the paella, a mouth-watering dish of Valencian origin that combines rice, peppers, shellfish, chicken and saffron. Served in a big frying pan, it's so wonderful you'll want to lick your dish. Other good dishes are roast lamb or pork, filet of sole and lobster.

For dessert try the strawberries and orange juice. Spanish coffee is excellent and has a flavor all its own.

Good cafes to try for snacks between meals and to get close to the interesting local belles are Chicote's and El Abra, both on the centrally located Avenida Jose Antonio. Both cafes are also magnets for foreign girls who come to Madrid.

AFTER DARK STUFF

Lets' face it. Unless you're indefatigable or lucky, you'll be reduced to pub-crawling in Madrid because dating the respectable girls is so hard. But don't fret, the night owls have quite a few interesting places and all of them are equipped with pretty girls whom the Spaniards discreetly refer to as "hostesses".

You can go to the "respectable" places in Madrid first just to see the difference: the Rendezvous Room at the Castellana Hilton and in summer the outdoor Villa Rosa just out of town. The Hilton place is expensive and smart, the Villa Rosa more Spanish. The shows in both feature passable singing and dancing, but would not win prizes anywhere. You'll think you're at an average night club in New York or Paris. For Flamenco dancing, there is the Zambra near the Ritz with a charming Andalusian flavor. You can dine under the stars at the Florida or the Pavillon. A gypsy hangout that has a kind of saucy life of its own is the Taberna Gitana.

Other places to stop in during a good Madrid pub crawl are El Duende, another flamenco joint, the Casablanca and the Pasapoga. The last two are made to order for rogues. Any woman you see in them is probably no better than she should be. Incidentally, these are both wolves-only dives. Don't pull the boner of the year by taking a girl along. If she's decent, she'll want to conk you and if she isn't, she'll think you're throwing money down the drain. There's a Spanish equivalent to the old saw about taking a ham sandwich to a banquet. These joints are open for one simple transaction: boy meets girl after the house gets its cut through the drinks.

The Fontoria, Club York, Moulin Rouge and the Congo Club are real brassy joints full of B-girls who are experts at taking your dough. Hang on to your wallet and if you're playing house with any of the ladies you encounter in them, watch out for the old con game where hubby turns up during the moment of truth. The G.I.'s in Spain can't even go into these joints. The Army's declared them off limits. There's nothing to stop you though as long as you watch your step.

If these dives aren't seamy enough for you, you can find rougher bistros along the tiny crooked streets and alleys that lead away from the Puerto del Sol. Hot, steaming joints where the rough male laughter, soprano squeals and strong smell of manzanilla hit you as you enter, you'll find hot-eyed big breasted girls from Spanish Morocco and the colonies here, brawny truckdrivers, whores who walk the streets and have stopped in for a quick one, pimps, lottery ticket salesmen and bullfight fans. You're safe enough in these as long as you stay polite and don't look too hard at any woman with a man. The show is the people and the noise and it's fascinating. It's why I prefer living around Madrid's Times Square. The vitality, humor and zest for life of the Spaniards are infectious and you'll find yourself coming back night after night to enjoy it.

Night spots and bars stay open till very late. In many places, early floor shows are at 2 a.m. and late after 4 a.m. It's a good idea to keep a cabbie along. They're cheap — a few bucks will hold him for hours, and you may want to pull out of some of these joints in a hurry.

HOW TO TRAP LOVELY FELLOW TOURISTS

Your best bet is to put up at one of the bigger hotels. The bar and lobby of places like the Hilton, the Palace and the Plaza should be full of lonely tourists in season. A good observation post is a table at either Chicote's or El Abra. If one cafe is unprofitable, walk across the street to the other, order a sherry around cocktail time and wait. Within minutes a pretty Indiana schoolmarm, a New York secretary or a British model is bound to pop in. The Prado museum, one of Europe's finest, is a good spot for trapping aside from the fact that it holds a magnificent array of Velasquez and Goya oils. Ditto sightseeing tours of the Escorial, the fabulous pile of masonry used as a burial ground for Spanish kings which lies a few miles out of town.

During afternoons, especially on weekends, you'll find many lovely dolls shopping in Madrid's version of the Paris flea market, el Rastro, a bazaar-like outdoor place where you can buy anything from soap to the alleged boots of the Emperor Charles.

HOW TO MEET THE BEAUTIFUL NATIVES

This is a tough proposition, as we've said. But if you're game to

CONTINUED ON PG. 70

exclusive!

The Wench of The Month

The "No Pajama" Gal

We've picked Vicki as our wench of the month because she's an exciting girl with an exciting job. Vicki is a secretary to a big archaeologist. One of those men who prowl about ancient cities and dig up new statues. He takes Vicki along because she keeps the natives friendly.

One look at Vicki in a pith helmet and shorts and the natives grin like kids. They go to all lengths to help. Sometimes they even carry her for miles on their shoulders. She's a good girl to have in a trench too. More than once she's saved the day by getting down on her knees and digging with a shovel. The trophies in the office are all objects Vicki found herself.

But don't get the notion that Vicki's just a female scientist. Not on your life. She's a red-blooded American wench with a real gusty appetite for living. Back home, she likes nothing better than to date the

boys and go out for long drives in the moonlight. She doesn't mind a little necking and kissing either. Just as long as the guy doesn't rush things. And she's cautious about going to carnivals or state fairs. Twice she's been trapped in a cabin on a ferris wheel with guys who tried to tear her clothes off.

She lives alone in a small, efficient apartment, likes to cook and rattle around the house. She sleeps in the raw. Clothes of any kind bother her in fact. She claims this is a reaction from long habit of wearing nothing but shorts and halter on the jungle trails. Mornings she loves to laze around the kitchen and fuss over her favorite recipes. Clad in nothing but the beauty she was born in. If a date comes up to breakfast, she'll cook in a bikini. She told us with a sheepish grin that it doesn't hurt the date's appetite either. The last gent who came up for some eggs benedictine ate so much she had to give him two extra helpings.

Besides her job, Vicki likes outdoor sports including horseback riding and tennis. She does a very fancy twist at nightclubs and usually everybody stops dancing just to watch her curves shimmy.

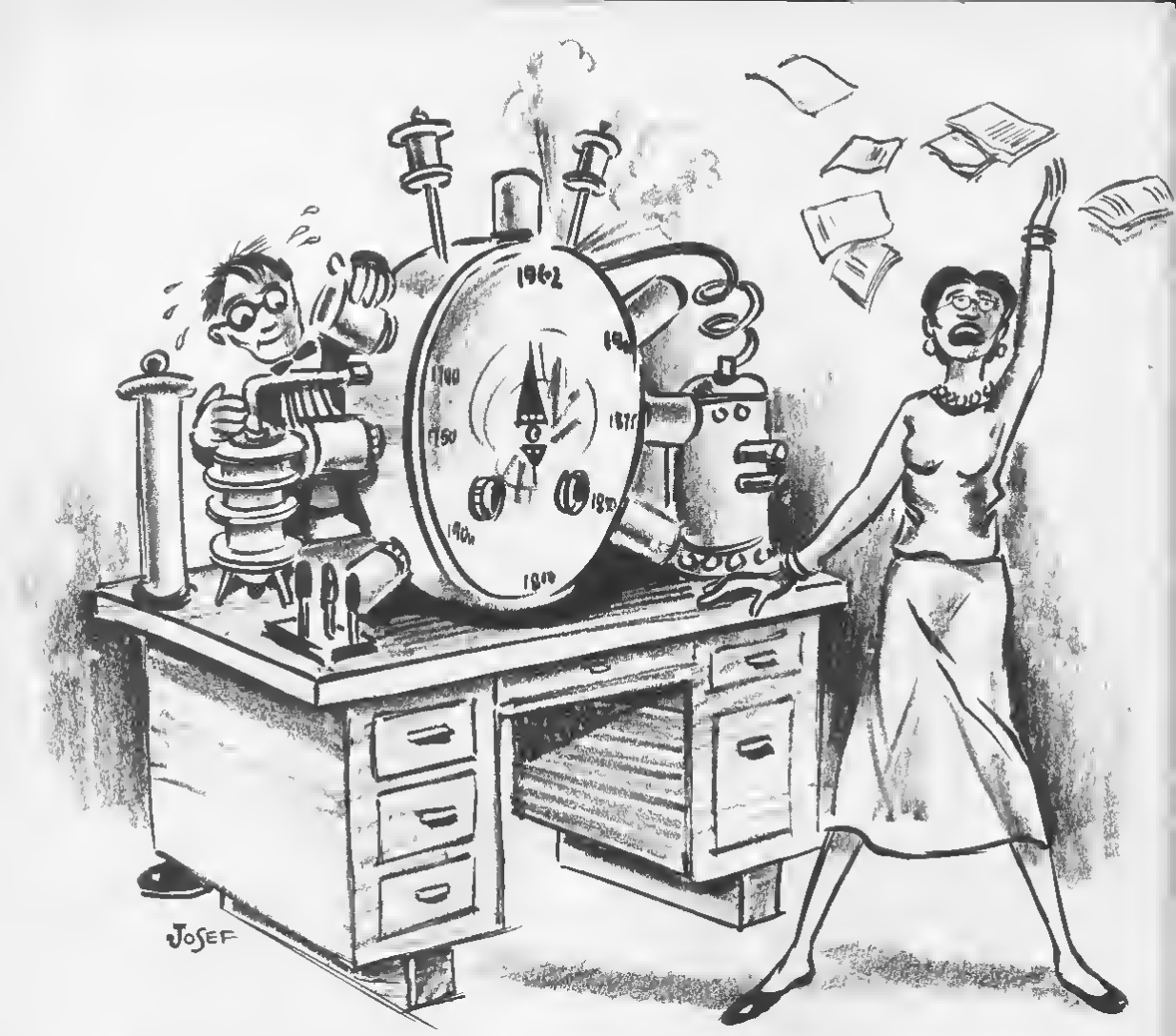
Most of all she likes the call of danger. Give her a ride in a fast car, going flat out on a mountain road with the wide world spread out at her feet and man, she's in heaven. Or take her up in a small plane over saw-tooth mountains loaded with dangerous air pockets. She loves it.

Vicki says she's looking for the right guy and really isn't too hard to please. He needs not be hand-

some or rich, she says. Just kind and tender and fun-loving. When she finds a guy like that she's going to give up all those dangerous expeditions.

But till he does come along Vicki will fly to places like Peru, India and Nigeria. She wants nothing more than to settle down with the right guy. But first she's got to find a guy who can tame her

When that happens she can get her kicks in lots of safer ways than digging for treasures in a hot, dangerous jungle. She hopes the guy turns up soon because this business of living half-naked half the year in a hot, muggy climate and fully dressed the rest of the time in a cool place is making her nervous. Even a small thing like buttoning up a dress in the back or zipping up a tight pair of capris is a pain. It's like asking a nudist to go to the supermarket in white tie and tails.



THE SEX MACHINE

By Jay Taylor

Lester Chadwick, elementary science teacher of Westward High School, smiled proudly.

"This," he said in a tone he might use were he announcing his election to the presidency of the United States, "is My Invention."

He indicated the collection of wires and gears and tubes heaped in haphazard-appearing fashion against the laboratory wall.

Miss Prim, the school's principal, was plainly not impressed. She peered somewhat distastefully through her thick-rimmed glasses and frowned. It was not a pleasant frown, but then Miss Prim was not ordinarily a pleasant woman. Once, even in Chadwick's memory of her, she had been not only pleasant but soft and desirable as well. But her years as principal had hardened her to the core, and even that core, once so fascinating to contemplate, was covered these days

with tall necked blouses and long skirts which stifled the imagination.

"Hm," Miss Prim said, interrupting his reverie.

"Hm?" Chadwick questioned, his smile beginning to fade.

"Chadwick," she elaborated, "you're a crackpot. That thing'll never get off the ground."

It was Chadwick's turn to frown, and he did so in consternation. "But it's not supposed—"

Miss Prim sighed patiently. "I was speaking," she explained, "figuratively."

"I see," Chadwick continued solemnly. He smiled a knowing, reprimanding, unsmiling sort of smile. "More of your belittlings, eh? More of your little jokes. More of your gettings in the way of scientfic achievement. More—"

"My dear Chadwick," Miss Prim interjected. "I would not now be principal of this school if I were not progressive."

And if you hadn't seduced the chairman of the school board, Chadwick wanted to say — but didn't.

"A high school science teacher," Miss Prim continued, speaking as master to slave, "should teach high school science, not dabble with the scientific unknown. That's why I've had to repeatedly refuse your requests for all that fantastic and expensive equipment you've been requisitioning. We do have a budget, you know."

"I know," Chadwick admitted sadly, looking fondly at his machine and recalling the improvisations made necessary by lack of funds -- of coat hangers unbent into wires and curled into coils, of milk bottles emptied of milk and air to form vacuum tubes -- and worst of all, of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for more lunches than he cared to remember.

It wasn't fair, he thought as he often thought, that this woman should have a position of authority over him. He knew without a doubt what had occurred at that interview years ago when Miss Prim had gone into the chairman's office. She was younger then and prettier of face and body, and she was careful to wear clothing that made these facts obvious.

"I'm a busy woman," Miss Prim said, a bit gruffly, consulting her watch, "so will you kindly make this thing go off, or whatever it does. Frankly, though, I hold no bope for time machines working."

"It is not a time machine," Chadwick corrected. "It's a time disturber." He enunciated the words with infinite care, as though that might in some magical way also explain the process involved.

"A — a time disturber," Miss Prim repeated, tasting the words and finding them not to her liking. She was not totally unscientific. Something like electricity she could understand — you pushed a button and a light went on — but this smacked of the Dark Ages and witches and broomsticks. Nevertheless, she shrugged. "At any rate, it sounds equally impossible, so let's get it over with."

"Just the same," Chadwick insisted, looking pained but determined, "that's what it is, and that's what it does. You've heard of the Duke University experiments with dice, no doubt," he went on, warming to the subject. "You know, how dice can be affected by thinking the number you want to come up."

"I've heard about them," Miss Prim admitted. "Utter nonsense, of course. Propaganda by the gambling interests!"

Chadwick struggled with himself to ignore this and won. "Anyway, it's obviously impossible for an object to go backwards in time, but it's the easiest thing in the world to think back to a certain time." He smiled triumphantly. "Since brainwaves are electrical in nature, this machine simply adds more electricity to give the thoughts a boost, so to speak, and also bring them into precise focus upon a specific happening."

Miss Prim looked blank at this. "I see," she lied bravely. "So?"

"So it could only affect our entire lives, that's all, change our vocations, our personalities," Chadwick went on undaunted. "At various times we're all faced with decisions to make. Sometimes these decisions are easy, sometimes they're difficult, and sometimes it seems like it doesn't matter on way or the other which way we choose but it does later on. Like the time you were starting college, and you weren't sure which course to take."

"You know about that?" she said, surprised, and then turned thoughtful. "Aunt Minnie wanted me to take Home Economics, I remember, while I preferred Business Administration to prepare me for a career. I was young and didn't know any better then, so I actually tossed a coin in thet air to decide for me. Fortunately, it came down Business Administration. Did you know it was because I took certain required business courses that I was appointed principal?"

Not only that, Chadwick amended silently, remembering how she had come out of that private interview askew and breathless, and the chairman had looked red-faced and guilty as he told Chadwick he was sorry but he felt the girl was better qualified for the job.

"As I was saying," he went on, forcing aside these bitter thoughts, "this machine is designed to disturb some slight happening in the past. Suppose, for example, I were to think back to the time you were flipping that coin, and suppose I were to focus my thoughts on it and make it come down Home Economics—"

Miss Prim's face went white at the thought. "You're not — that is, you don't — you can't —"

"I was just saying suppose," Chadwick pointed out.

Miss Prim let out a sigh of relief, but it was obvious her faith was in tatters. "The whole thing is absurd," she said. "It couldn't possibly work, of course, but the thing might explode or something—"

"A demonstration will take just a few minutes," Chadwick said hastily, and before she could object further, he ducked under a tangle of tubes and wires and sat himself in a chair buried in the center of the contraption.

CONTINUED ON PG. 71

Annie

This is a soldier?

no.. no.. a thousand times no!

When Annie was a little girl, her mother was worried that the girl might turn out to be a tomboy — or worse, a boy scout camp follower. She was always in the company of boys, and the boys always seemed happy that she was in the company of them. She would climb trees while they stood on the ground and cheered her onward and upward. She would take long walks in the woods with them. She was always receiving offers to share sleeping bags.

The family phychiatrist assured the mother that the girl was merely going through a phase, that she would outgrow it and become a mature woman

As you can see, Annie grew to mature womanhood. She outgrew her desires to be with boys, instead, she had desires to be with men. But she was still obsessed by the memories of those long, exhiliarating hikes in the woods. So she went to a war surplus store and picked up some camping gear and started out to relive her girlhood adventures.

Although she is wearing a man's army uniform (more or less) and some camouflage, the alert reader will notice that Annie is very definitely female, despite her lack of feminine clothing.

"I don't need a bra or panties," she was heard to remark, "but I'd feel naked without my canteen and rifle."

Two For The Show

Patty and Suzy reveal

the bare facts

Suzy and Patty are waitresses at a small, intimate night club on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood. They've taken acting, singing and music lessons, and are employed at the club as waitresses.

All evening long they wear the tight, skimpy waitress costumes and serve the customers drinks, hoping that maybe one of the cocktail guzzlers will be a movie or television producer who can see in them the magic stuff of stardom.

Then, after the place closes and the last customer is gone, they shed their uncomfortable uniforms with sighs of relief and take over the bandstand. Patty, the brunette, would like to be a singer, so she immediately heads for the microphone. At many a talent audition, Patty has been told that she has a marvelous set of lungs. Suzy sits at the drums to give her friend the beat. Suzy's sense of rhythm is fantastic, even when she walks, and many a customer has admired her metronome walkaway.

Sooner or later, some big wheel in show business is going to see what good these girls can do for the pleasure-seeking public and sign them both up to long-term contracts. Trouble is, for movies and television Patti and Suzy will probably have to wear clothes — at least while they're on camera.

Sorel

The filly that likes indoors as well as outdoors

Sorel is a girl with a problem. Put her behind a desk in a stuffy office and she goes out of her mind. All her life she's been used to long nude sunbaths, swimming in her birthday suit in deserted ponds or sitting up on the branches of a tree in her backyard. Life in the big town with its walls, conventions and layers of clothing just don't please her.

The antidote is simple fortunately. Once the working day is over, Sorel hurries to her pad and puts on something to suit her mood. One night it might be a lovely, transparent nightgown for listening to cool jazz on the couch. Another time it might be a quiet nap in her leopard pants. The leopard

pants do something strange to Sorel. They quiet all the wild urgings in her breast, all of the homesickness for home.

But all this is indoor stuff. At other times she just has to get outside and let the wind kiss her bare skin. The soft breeze playing on her naked body is like music to her. Fortunately she has a tiny garden with a high fence so she can do as she likes. Stretch out on her back in the sun. Or pull at pine branches and rub their tangy needles against her skin. At one time some naughty men began peeking at her through a hole in the wood and the long low whistles were quite disturbing. Since she stopped up the hole with a twist of newspaper her private sunbaths are undisturbed. She can loll about in the nude as long and as often as she likes. And Sorel likes it plenty.

Phyllis

She's lonely - she's lovely

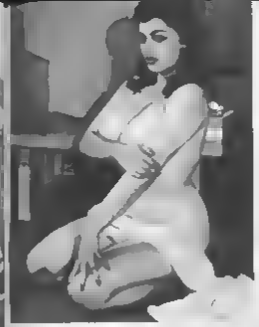
Phyllis is a girl with a problem She doesn't like to live alone You'd think this wouldn't be a problem with a girl as beautiful as Phyllis but it is For one thing she has trouble keeping roommates Every time a roommate's boyfriend calls at the apartment the guy understandably takes more of an interest in Phyllis then in his own girl friend — and the roommate gets angry and goes off to find another apartment with a girl who wears a bra

She gets lots of offers from males who want to set up housekeeping with her but what she wants is a hubby not a hobby A rich oil man was one of these Phyllis liked him very much because he was very good to her and bought her a big comfortable double bed and a black silk nightie and a set of encyclopedias, but the man's blood pressure kept rising until a physician advised him to move to a different climate to cool off

So she lives alone To amuse herself she raises tropical plants and fruit trees, once, she even won a contest for growing the best shaped pear in the country She likes to sit on the floor and watch television, but watching the late late show is no fun if you haven't someone to cuddle up with. Then she checks to see that there aren't any ants in her plants, then reluctantly goes off to bed, wondering if maybe tomorrow will bring her a Prince Charming.

Sabrina The Hat Model

She's a bust as a bra model



Sabrina's unhappy because she models hats She feels she's got the kind of body that belongs in lingerie ads She's been offered some nice deals as a brassiere model but she says no. The money's swell but she finds brassieres too restraining. A while back one of the top ad agencies on Madison Aveme wanted her for a big brassiare account The money was fabulous And she could have worked all year round. We'll make you the best brassiere model in the country, the ad man said. Put your bust all over the map In magazines and subway posters Maybe even TV commercials

Sabrina went down to the photographer's office but after wearing a tight brassiere for threa solid hours, she quit She said she felt like she was wearing a straight jacket. Her bosom was squeezed so tight, she could hardly breathe You try standing up with a lens panning on your chest for three hours and you see how you like it She asked the ad man for a job wearing lingerie You know-lace slips and frothy panties But the ad man said she was too well stocked Nobody would look at the underwear if she were in it Hats are different They stand out So she got a job as a hat medal She still hasn't given up though Sha poses at low rates for some of the biggest photographers hoping one of her full figure shots will catch the right eye

And whan posing gets too tiresome, she rushes home, takes a nice refreshing bath and then just rattles around the house Napping in her bed, on her couch and all that We think Sabrina would make a beautiful lingerie model. How about you? As far as wa're concerned any underwear with Sabrina in it is far ahead of any competition.

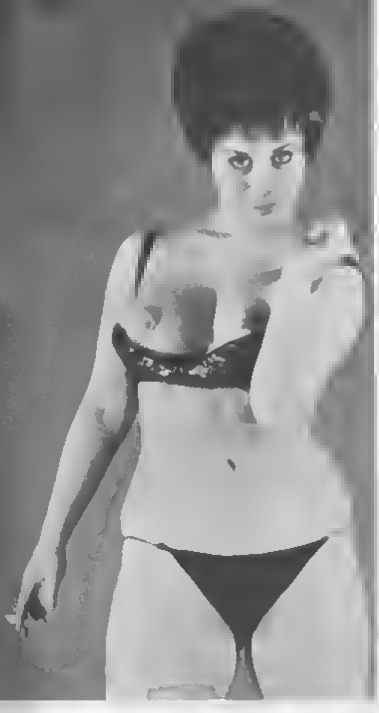
Tanagra

The Method Actress

Tanagra is a very serious student of Method Acting. This is the school for actors made famous by Marlon (Mumbles) Brando, Marilyn Monroe, Paul Newman and James Dean. At the school where she studies Method, Tanagra has learned to forget herself completely. She must submerge her street self into an inspired new self Thus by imagining herself as a tree, acting like a tree, she can play the part of a growing girl to perfection. When she was offered a part in a French play, she wore the slinkiest French underwear you ever saw. Made originally for a girl in the Folies Bergere, the world famous Paris nude show.

For a Tennessee Williams role, Tanagra tries to imagine herself a real way out kook For instance a girl who chain smokes so fast she has to have several cigarettes in her mouth at once. A balloon with cartoons on it completed her equipment It worked quite well too for on opening night she was a scream. But she has trouble with glamour girls. Tanagra is much better as a female beatnik. Now she's been offered a straight role as a girl who steals another man's husband To work herself into the proper mood, she is reading Zsa Zsa Gabor's autobiography and lying around in bed like a kept woman with nothing else to do all day but wait for Mr. Big to come home

It's not a difficult role, but it needs work. The next thing she's going to try is going through a supermarket some afternoon in sequin-covered shorts and a footlong cigarette holder. That will really shock the pants off the housewives, she figures and if she gets the right reaction, she'll know she's really put the glamour girl across and everything will be fine. Till the next role of course.



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The Future

Ovid takes it for granted you're going to play the field (Like him. He was married three times and had one mistress after the other, including a couple of belles related to the emperor.) Play around, Ovid says. But take care to hide it. Don't brag or boast about your score. Don't have a fixed hour for rendezvous. Change it often. If you're caught even if it's as clear as the day is long, lie like a trooper. Deny everything, as loudly as you can. As long as she has no witnesses, she can only guess.

If she's getting a little cool, get her jealous, Ovid says, by talking of other women. Let her guess without denying it, that you're having a hot time with another gal. Let her cry and grow pale. When she has raged her fill, take her to bed. She'll be mild and gentle. That's the kind of peace girls in a rage always love. Don't leave until she hates to see you go.

Ovid offers a few more hints on getting along. Don't blame a girl for her flaws. Time's a great healer. If she's blacker than tar, tanned is the word to use. If she's cross-eyed, tell her she's like Venus. Thin as a stick? She's willowy. If she's a runt, call her cute. If fat, a full-bodied woman. And don't pass up women past thirty, Ovid says. You're crazy if you do. They're much more skillful in love making. They don't have to be teased, worked up to a frenzy. They're the kind, he says wistfully, that can keep up with a man. "What I like is the deal that leaves both partners exhausted," he adds confidentially, "What I hate is the girl who gives with a feeling she has too. Dry in the bed with her mind somewhere else gathering wool.

"Duty's very well, but let's not confuse it with pleasure. I do not want any girl doing her duty for me.

"What I like to hear are the words of utter abandon. Words that say, wait just a little while!

"Let me see my girl with eyes that confess her excitement.

One last piece of advice: take it hard, don't hurry, pleads Ovid.

"Take my word for it. Love is never a thing to be hurried. Creep it along, go slow, tease it with proper delay.

"When you have found the place where a woman loves to be fondled, let no feeling of shame keep your caresses away.

"She will complain but not mean it, murmuring words of condemnment. Sigh in the sweetest way, utter appropriate cries. Neither go too fast, nor let her get there before you. Pleasure is best when both come at one time to the goal.

"Slow is the pace to keep when plenty of leisure is given, when you can dally at ease, free from the pressure of fear.

"But when delay is not safe, it is useful to drive with full power."

Clarice

A place full of peeping Toms

Clarice has a problem. She works as a waitress in a smart Las Vegas lounge, and she makes a lot of tips. But she works hard for her money. Everybody tries to pick her up or find out where she lives. She gets enough phony propositions a day to give Hollywood plots for a whole season. But she refuses to take the bait even from millionaires.

She'll accept a well meant Christmas gift from the boss or people she's served all year, but no strings attached. Last Christmas a big gambler from Chicago bought her the snazziest French underwear anyone ever laid eyes on. Had it sent direct from Paris at his own expense. She has four sets and she wears them nearly all the time. The trouble is the gambler told all his buddies and they spend most of their time trying to make time with her. They've offered her a house in Beverly Hills, an apartment in New York, trips to Paris, Rome — if she'll just play games. But Clarice just ain't buying that kind of deal. She saves her money and one of these days she hopes to open up a dress shop back home.

Meanwhile the gamblers buddies give her the creeps. Everytime she takes a nap between shows, one of them turns up at her room. They've opened the door with skeleton keys, bribed the room clerk to let them in while she's out and left messages for her. She's so jumpy now she finds it hard to sleep. Any minute one of those guys may be trying to force his way in or even peeking through the keyhole. It's tough on Clarice because every working girl needs a little rest.

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try, we recommend strolling in any of the main thoroughfares between six and seven. According to Spanish custom, the paseo or stroll goes on in every town. The girls march in one direction, the boys in the opposite. When they meet there is often a brief, frantic attempt at compliment - throwing. The boys usually whisper "Que Guapa!" "how handsome!" or "Que Linda!" "how beautiful!" If the girl favors the Casanova with a smile, he can try for the $64 at the next point their orbits cross. If at that point there's no sour-looking chaperone around, you can move in with heavy artillery.

El Rastro is another good spot. Many girls will be shopping there on weekends and you can try the I'm-a-stranger-in-town bit. It has worked

A walk through the Prado is sometimes profitable. You may find a senorita whose native pride in Spanish art will make her forget she's a lady. A discreet question or two about Velasquez or Goya may produce results. Finally try strolling through El Retiro and Casa de Campo parks. You'll see some senoritas there and again we advise the soft sell. Suggest not a coffee at the outset, she may fear being seen in public with you. Instead tell her to show you the wonderful view of the city at the Calle Bailen. This is one of the most romantic sights in the world at sunset when the sun sets over the distant mountains. Another good stroll you might suggest is one to Las Vistillas Spanish girls are incredibly romantic, even though they fear Papa's wrath, so this approach might work Don't worry about your Spanish. Even a few phrasebook words will help you get her sympathy and that's what you want

Finally, some of the barmaids and waitresses are easier to date since they hang around males so much They probably speak better English, too

THE DAYLICHT HOURS

You can get good golfing, tennis and boxing. Also excellent racing at the Zarzuela track Spanish football is worth watching as is Pelota, a fast action basque game. If they have any in Madrid while you're there.

The piece de resistance of course is the Bullfight. This is the best in the world. At the Madrid ring you have the best matadors in the sport competing for honors. The fights are usually presented in the Plaza de Toros every Sunday and on holidays from Easter Sunday till the end of October beginning late in the afternoon. Have your hotel get you tickets. After the fights are over, you can beat the jam heading for taxis by grabbing the subway on the corner and heading for the Puerta del Sol. The pomp and ceremony in the Madrid ring are unforgettable. The crowd's excitement is infectious especially when a member of the Royal family waves her handkerchief at the matadors. Although this is incidental, you'll find the place draws every good-looking doll in Madrid, native or foreign.

If you want a real treat, go to a girls' pelota game. The sight of those gorgeous senoritas screaming as they chase the ball, is crazy.

WHAT TO DRINK

Sherry is the king of Spanish wines Drink it at all times and especially during the pleasant afternoon cafe-sitting hours. Spanish table wines resemble many ordinary French varieties and are quite drinkable. Don't worry too much about vintage or year. Just ask the waiter for some decent red wine White is rather sweet Vina Pomal is an acceptable red and Monopole a decent white wine During the warm months, you can order Sangria, a tasty concoction of wine, orange and lemon slices, cognac, seltzer, sugar and ice.

Spanish brandy is great. Try Fundador. It's about ten cents a glass and you can buy a bottle for seventy. You can get real absinthe in Spain, 136 proof, the same stuff that's banned in France and the U S. Finally you can get some Scotch but it'll cost you an arm and a leg Forget about rye or bourbon. They never heard of them in most bars. You won't go wrong on the brandy though It compares favorably with cognac even though it's not quite in its class.

TIPS FOR THE BLACK BOOK

If you have time go down to Torremolinas near Malaga or to Palma de Mallorca. Plane connections from Madrid are easy. Both have the kind of easygoing Mediterranean life that attracts beautiful Swedes and other north European girls. A special treat is Ibiza, one of the small islands in the Balearic group. You can get to it by boat from Barcelona or Mallorca. Co to San Antonio Abad on Ibiza. You'll find the Bohemians of the Left Bank taking their summer vacation. Hotels and food are extremely cheap. Some offer food and board for as little as $2 a day. Social customs are very relaxed and you'll find yourself on intimate terms with local dolls.

Ibiza is one of the undiscovered paradises of the Mediterranean. It draws an army of writers, artists, models and girls on the loose from every part of Europe The Spaniards leave them to their devices as long as they don't murder or steal. That's about all they don't do, in San Antonio Abad. It's one of the wildest art colonies you'll ever see. Life in Ibiza is very simple. There's nothing to do but drink at the local cafes, and romance the large number of pretty girls at night. Torremolinas, on the mainland near Malaga, has more of a Riviera flavor and the Spanish police are watchful. In Ibiza, it's one gay party all week long once you get in witb the local colony of foreign residents. And that part's easy Just shack up at one of the several hotels or pensions in town and go to the nearest cafe You'll be on first-name terms with everybody the first night. If you don't have your own lovely playmate after the first week, you'd better fly back to Paris or Copenhagen. You're getting rusty in your technique.

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"Now, look here, Chadwick –" Miss Prim began belligerently.

At that point, however, Chadwick was too busy throwing a switch to look here or anyplace else. A pale glow leaped up to surround him, and there was a soft humming sound from the machine."

"Chadwick, stop this nonsense. You'll electrocute yourself – or worse, blow a fuse!"

Chadwick, eyes closed, ignored her. I'm thinking back, back, back many years ago," he murmured, almost to himself, concentrating strongly. "Ah," he sighed "There it is The coin, you're throwing it."

Miss Prim blinked, startled "What?"

"There it goes," Chadwick cried triumphantly, brow furrowed with concentration. "It's turning, turning, tur-r-r-rning —"

Miss Prim let out a small shriek of alarm, determinedly waded through the wires of the machine as though she were hacking her way through some African jungle She grabbed Chadwick by the collar.

"Stop it," she cried. "Stop it!"

"Leggo!" Chadwick insisted, eyes still closed. "I'm losing control."

"Fine," she said, applauding his chest.

"LOOK OUT!"

The room erupted in a cloud of smoke and a giant's roar When the smoke cleared, Chadwick found himself sitting on the floor, his lap full of Miss Prim who was holding onto him for dear life.

"Now you've done it, you little idiot," Chadwick bellowed self-righteously. "The kitchen's a mess."

"Maybe – maybe I put a little too much alcohol in the rum raisin cake," she suggested sheepishly, looking like a little girl being scolded.

Relentlessly, Chadwick waved an annoyed hand at the collection of parts scattered about the floor. "The stove's ruined, too. That makes the third Home Economics stove you're broken this term. You know very well the school budget can't –"

He broke off, flustered, as Miss Prim began crying softly into his shoulder.

"Miss Prim, really –" he began in exasperation.

She sniffled and looked up at him with moist blue eyes.

"What I meant to say," Chadwick amended gently, putting a soothing arm around her and patting her shoulder comfortingly, "was that, while I admire your adventurous spirit, Miss Prim, I think it might be best if a Home Economics teacher stuck to the standard, tried and true recipes, and – Miss Prim, did you ever wear glasses?"

"No," he said wonderingly, looking at him.

"Don't," he suggested. "Your eyes are much too pretty for that."

She blushed, and he took that opportunity to notice that her low cut blouse had become even lower amid the confusion. Hastily, he averted his eyes and helped her to her feet.

"No harm done," he said, looking around. "I'll send the janitor to clean it up By the way, would you have dinner with me tonight, say about seven-thirty, with perhaps a show afterward?"

"I'd be glad to, Mr Chadwick," she said happily

"Call me Lester," he said, winking.

He skipped from the room whistling and down the empty corridor, leaped the stairs three at a time to the next floor, and did a little dance as he entered his office. Then he frowned at a sudden thought

He hoped Miss Prim didn't take stock in those ugly rumors about how he'd gotten his appointment. It was true, of course, that the chairman of the board, that female who'd interviewed him many years ago in the privacy of a closed room, had practically insisted he seduce her. Which he did, naturally But he liked to think it was because of his academic qualifications he'd been appointed

Well, there was no point in thinking of the past, for what's done is done and nothing can change it Besides, – he rubbed his hands together and thought of the virginal Miss Prim – he, Lester Chadwick, Principal of Westward High School, had greener pastures to cultivate.

The End

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